



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 17.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 641.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

A TALE.

Translated from the German of KOTZEBU.

"DRIVE to the church," said the Countess to her coachman, as she stepped into the carriage. It was the eve of All Saints, and the pious Emilia wished to unburden her mind by confession. "A young and amiable woman, united to a husband who was the choice of her own heart—adored by him—already the happy mother of a charming boy—soon to produce the second—pledge of nuptial love—gratefully plucking every flower which joy scattered on her path—willingly fulfilling every duty of a faithful wife and tender mother—what can such a woman have to confess? With a heart devoid of guile, and a conscience without blemish why does she visit the altar of absolution? What will she reply to the priest, if he require more than the universal declaration—I am a miserable sinner." Thus spoke Gustavus Count Z** to himself, as he was standing at the window, and heard his Emilia's directions—"Drive to the church.—" Shall I privately follow her," continued he in his soliloquy. "Shall I conceal myself in a corner of the church, and hear the avowal of my beloved sinner? Is this curiosity?—No! Is it jealousy?—Pshaw! Well, what is it then?—A joke, and nothing more. I am her husband, and surely have as great a right to know her little secrets as father Anselmo. I shall rally her—she will be surprised—I shall laugh—and there the matter will end." He went. It was not far to the church. He crept into it under the twilight, and approached the confessor's chair, as was possible without being detected. He listened attentively. Emilia spoke rather loud. This is the fragment of her confession, of which her unfortunate husband lost not a word—

"Yes reverend father, the youth's person was so lovely. For more than six months he daily visited several hours in my bed chamber, and while I was at supper with my husband, he escaped by means of my maid, through a private door. I have always concealed from his lordship my reason for dismissing this girl from my service."

Oh, all ye husbands! whoever of you is in possession of a beautiful wife, whom he loves with the whole fulness of his heart, in whose arms he peacefully reposes, let him fancy, if it be possible, let him fancy himself in the situation of the listening Count. His first motion was with his hand upon his sword, but the idea of profaning the Almighty's temple, and of defiling his floors with blood, deterred him. He left the church, to him the grave of his repose, arrived, without knowing how, at his own house, and demanded a horse. A light post-chaise was prepared. The Count left a note for his wife, in which he very ironically informed her, that business of importance obliged him to visit one of his estates, threw himself into the carriage, and fled from the place.

Emilia returned from the temple with that cheerfulness so peculiar to pious simplicity, when she believes to have liquidated all accounts with heaven. Her husband's note surprised her much. She had never before quitted her in so unaccount-

able a way—without a parting kiss—without fixing any time for his return—without having even thought of the journey two hours before.

These reflections made the gentle Emilia uneasy. She summoned the steward, and asked whether he had spoken to the Count before his departure. The steward replied he had seen him, but not spoken to him—"Not spoken to him!" exclaimed Emilia. "No orders! no directions! I mean only with regard to the household?"—"None, whatever," answered he. "That is strange," said Emilia. "Ay, strange indeed, my lady," returned the steward. "I have known his lordship ever since he was born. I have often had the honor of carrying him in my arms, but I never saw him as he was to-day.—Twenty times he was pleased to send for me—twenty times I had the honor of waiting on him; but there I stood, and he never even looked at me. Once or twice I took the liberty of coughing, but all in vain. His lordship did nothing but bite his nails, and all the while looked as red as my good old master, his father, of blessed memory, when he had swallowed five bottles of wine after dinner. At last his lordship threw himself into the chaise, without so much as just saying, good bye, Thomas, as he was before always pleased to do, when he left home."—"Inexplicable!" murmured Emilia. "Undoubtedly some very unpleasant accident has torn him from my arms?" Far, very far, was she from suspecting the real cause.

Meanwhile the Count pursued his journey day and night. 'Twas night within his soul, not a gleam of hope there cast its transient twilight. On the evening of the third day he reached the bounds of his estate. An ancient castle of the ninth century, furnished with turrets, moats, drawbridges, and palisades, just caught the last beam of the sun, and cast a long shadow on the flowery meadow.

It was the first time that the young Count had visited this, the remotest of his estates, since he inherited them from his father. A steward, an old gardener, and his wife, were the only inhabitants of the castle. All three harboured not the most distant expectation of a visit from their young master. They surrounded him with every demonstration of joy, and welcomed him with hearty good-will; but he scarce even saw them; his eyes were wild and gloomy; he threw himself upon a sofa, and desired to be left alone.

The whole village was in motion. The oldest boors dressed themselves in their Sunday clothes and plodded towards the castle, while the bailiff on the road studied a complimentary harangue, with which he purposed to surprise his lordship. At the gates of the castle, however, they were informed that the Count was fatigued after his journey, and would not be seen by any body. The good people returned sorrowfully home. "The late lord never was so high with us," said one to the other. "When ever he came here to hunt and shoot, he always received us, and said—Good day, my lads? How goes your corn on? How are your cattle? God bless you good old soul."

Early on the following morning, Count Z** examined the castle, searched into every corner, and dived into the lowest cellar. At the end of a

lonely gallery, through which he heard the echo of his every step, he stumbled against an iron door, which guarded the entrance to one of the four turrets at the corners of the castle's roof. The door was opened—a loathsome stench of long-confined air burst through the chasm. He entered—found four naked walls and some mouldered straw. For the first time the Count's mouth was distended to a smile, but it was a grim diabolical smile. He silently quitted the turret, and dispatched the servant who had accompanied him, with a note to the Countess. In the mean time, by his command, a table, a wooden chair, and a bundle of fresh straw were carried to the turret.

Emilia received with rapture the tidings of her beloved lord, whose embrace her beating heart too long missed. With the beautiful bloom of fervent desire upon her cheek, she opened the note, and read:

"The bearer hereof has orders to bring you to me."

Great as was Emilia's astonishment at the dry laconic style of her husband, yet made she not a moment's hesitation to accompany the messenger. The journey was extremely difficult to a lady in Emilia's condition; but she, with the impatience of affection, forgot her delicate situation, scarce allowed herself a few hours sleep at night, and on the fourth evening arrived safe at the castle.

Her husband awaited her within the walls of the dreadful turret, seated on the wooden chair, and ruminating on his misery. Emilia flew to embrace him—with his clenched fist he felled her to the earth. "Heavens! what means this?" cried the unfortunate Countess, and crept upon the straw. The Count spurned her from him. "Monster," roared he, in a tone of the most dreadful fury, "thou art unmasked. Here, here shall thou end a life of which I have not courage to deprive thee."

With these words he forsook the wretched Emilia, and locked the door. Left to reflect in solitude upon her misery and innocence, doomed, with the purest conscience, to the cruellest of punishment, Emilia sunk upon her knees, and prayed to that Being who reads in our hearts, as in an open book, to tear from the eyes of her husband, her still much loved husband, the bandage woven by infernal calumny. The night-crows shrieked during her prayer, and the ear of inexorable fate seemed deaf to the sighs of suffering innocence.

On the noon of the succeeding day, bread and water were administered to her through a hole. She salted the bread with her tears, and her heart almost broke with melancholy. She had begged that she might be allowed writing materials, but they had been denied. By chance she found in her pocket a little blue silk and a needle. She washed her handkerchief, and sewed upon it these words: "I AM INNOCENT. SAVE ME, AND OUR CHILD."

She sent the handkerchief to her husband. The deluded wretch tore and returned it. A burning tear fell from Emilia's eye upon it.

When the period approached, at which she was to be delivered, the old gardener's wife was admitted to her, and Emilia writhing on the straw,

gave birth to a daughter. The first cry of this child, the first sound which she heard within those dreadful walls, for two long months, alleviated her sorrows. She pressed the little cherub to her fond maternal heart, and recommended it to the Almighty. She gazed at, thought she saw it smile, and forgot her misfortunes. But alas! scarce had she in some degree regained her strength, when the gardener's wife tore the infant from her arms, and locked the prison. "O God!" exclaimed poor Emilia "Leave me at least my child." She fell to the earth in a swoon, and when she awoke, prayed to heaven for death. [To be concluded in our next.]

INSTANCE RELATED OF THE DUKE OF GUISE.

From SEWARD'S "Anecdotes."

THE Duke was married to a Princess of Cleves, a woman of great beauty, and from living in a gallant court, that of Catharine de Medicis, was supposed not to be insensible to the passion which a handsome young man by the name of St. Magrin entertained for her. Catharine de Medicis, having on some particular day invited the principal ladies of the court to a ball and supper, at which each of them was to be served by the young noblemen of the court, who were to be dressed in the liveries of their mistresses, the Duke very anxiously entreated the Dutchess not to be present, telling her that he did not in the least mistrust her virtue, but as the public had talked very freely about her and St. Magrin, it was much better that she should not afford fresh matter for scandal. The Dutchess pleaded for excuse, that as the Queen had invited her to go, she could not possibly refuse her. The Dutchess went to the entertainment, which lasted till six o'clock in the morning. At that very late hour she returned home and went to bed. She had, however, scarcely laid herself down in it, when she saw the door open very slowly, and the Duke of Guise entered the room, followed by an aged servant, who carried a basin of broth in his hand. The Duke immediately locked the door, and coming up to the bed in a very deliberate manner, thus accosted her in a firm and determined tone of voice:—"Madam, although you would not do last night what I desired you, you shall do it now. Your dancing of last night has most probably heated you a little; you must drink immediately this basin of broth." The Dutchess suspecting it to be poison, burst into a flood of tears, and begged hard that the Duke would permit her to send for her Confessor before she drank it: but in vain, and the Dutchess finding all resistance to no purpose, swallowed the broth. As soon as she had done this, he went out of the room, locking the door after him. In three or four hours afterwards the Duke again paid her a visit, and with an affected smile upon his countenance, said, "Madam, I am afraid that you spent your time very unpleasantly since I left you. I fear too that I have been the cause of this: judge then, Madam, of all the time that you have made me pass as unpleasantly as this. Take comfort, however; you have, I assure you, nothing to fear. I am willing to believe, in my turn, that I have nothing to be apprehensive of. But however, in future, if you please, we will avoid playing these tricks with each other."

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

THE world is a vast theatre, on which mankind are the actors; chance composes the piece, fortune distributes the parts, the woman distribute refreshment to the actors, and the unfortunate are the scene-drawers and candle snuffers. The world polishes more than it instructs. To be a spectator one must not be in the bustle of the world, but at a certain distance; as to observe a regiment march, one must be on a line when they file off, not in the ranks.

ANECDOTE.

A young lady lately at the opera in Paris, let the gold chain of her watch fall without perceiving it. Another lady near her, who saw it, let her handkerchief fall, as if by accident, and then picked up the chain with it, without saying a word. As soon as the play was over, the role to quit the theatre, when a young man, who had seen the transaction, approached the two ladies, took them respectfully by the hand, and with a smile said to the lady who had got the chain, "Come, madam, the joke has been carried far enough, give up the chain, and don't make the lady any longer uneasy." The chain was immediately given up, not without a good deal of confusion.

MAXIM.---Trust not him with your secrets, who when left alone in your room turns over your papers.

FOR THE

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

R SCENES.

WRITTEN

BLOOMINGDALE.

NEAR yonder hill, where base old Hudson laves,
And proudly swell his azure waves,
Where cedar grove, and spicy sweets exhale,
And load with fragrance every sighing gale;
Where towering oaks their leafy boughs disspread,
And bending willows kiss the dewy glade;
There, would I wander oft at early dawn,
While dew-drops glitter'd on the verdant lawn;
And ere the Sun emerg'd from Ocean's bed,
Had flush'd the landscape with a rosy red,
Would tread with passive steps the mazy grove,
To muse enamoured on the Maid I love;
While plummy choristers from every spray
In tuneful concert, pour'd the matin lay.
Oft too at eve's still hour I lov'd to stray,
And sadly-musing bend my lonely way,
To some tall cliff, whose high o'er-arching brow,
Frown'd on the bosom of the stream below:
There would I sit and lift the fullen roar,
Of foaming waves, that lash'd the sandy shore;
Or catch with wild delight the murmuring sound,
Of babbling streamlets dash'd from rocks around,
While at soft intervals, the whisp'ring breeze,
In mournful cadence, sigh'd among the trees;
And oft was seen with swelling sail to glide,
Some little bark adown the rapid tide.
Then too, would memory retrospective turn,
And think on joys that never will return;
And busy fancy brought again to view,
The hours when ANNA smiled! and I believed her true!
August 10th, 1800. CORYDON.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO MRS. JACKSON.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE MRS. FAUGERES.

YES, fair CLARISSA! in the Muse's cell
Young LOVE and laughing JOY delight to dwell,
Where the light GRACES mid the dancing hours,
For FANCY's temples twine a magic wreath
Of glowing buds, fann'd by Zephyrus' breath,
And steep'd in dew-drops, or ambrosial show'rs;
While from the grove, the mountain, and the dale,
Music's full soul floats melting on the gale.
Yet RAPTURE's hand not always strikes the lyre;
To JOY not always do its chords belong;
For when calamities the soul inspire,
'Tis GRIEF's dear privilege to weep in song.
The POOR FORLORN, an orphan's lot who knows,
Who feels a WIDOW'S---feels a mother's care,
Seeks from her harp a solace to her woes,
That harp bedew'd with many a bitter tear.
And he, of FORTUNE and of FRIENDS bereft,
Whose heavy days are sorrowful and few;
And he, who long hath mourn'd that fatal gift,
A heart too feeling, and a faith too true---
Oh! had THEY been, in the disastrous hour,
By the dear pathos of a long unblest,
Soon had fell Suicide, with frantic pow'r,
Lodg'd them within the cold grave's lurid breast.
Ah! then, CLARISSA! let my artless strain,
Though sad, still gain admittance to thine ear;
And when in mournful tones its notes complain,
Indulge me in the luxury of a tear.

SONNET TO HEALTH.

DELIGHTFUL visitor! that lov'st to quit
The couch of ease and splendid board of wealth,
At homely fare, in rustic weeds to sit
I hail thee sweet companion, Goddess Health!
With thee I'll brave the angry storms of fate,
And learn undaunted all her ills to bear;
With thee I'll smiling pass the rich man's gate,
And treat with generous scorn all stately fear.
Should bounteous Heav'n, to gild my simple lot,
Give me a friend, or kind endearing wife,
Be thou still partner of my humble cot,
And journey with me in the maze of life,
When Death cries stop! thy parting smile I crave---
Steal gently back, and leave me in the grave.

AFFECTING SCENE.

The last moments of HUGH BOYD, Esq. author of *Junius's Letters*, who died at Madras, October 19th, 1794, as related by his biographer.

"SOME days previous to his death, during a paroxysm of his fever, I was called to take my last farewell; to tear myself from that bosom in which my affections had so long reposed! My friend was extended on his bed; his once expressive visage pale and emaciated; his eyes hollow and languid, and his voice feeble and low. He stretched out his hand to receive me, and only whispered he was ill; but the big tear that rolled down his still animated countenance, was more intelligible than all the figures of language.

"This is a scene in which friendship discovers every secret goodness, and at the same time finds palliations for every fault; in which power loses all its influence, and rivalry all its envy; in which dissipation and folly tremble, and vice and impiety stand appalled. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external good, might here have seen them weighed against each other; where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent; all that sparkles in the eye of hope, or pants in the bosom of suspicion; at once become dull in the balance without weight and without regard. But it did not fall to my lot to attend him in his last hour. His life was prolonged for a few days more and he expired in the arms of a virtuous and enlightened friend, whom he had always regarded with tenderness, and whose abilities he had always admired. With this friend I was sitting in the sick room (the last time I ever sat in it) when suddenly raising himself in the bed, he called us near him; and with a tremulous voice, though with composure and clearness seldom attainable in such situations he spoke the following lines:

In life's gay flow, when all obey
The sprightly notes of Pleasure's call,
Can then the faithful mirror say,
I shew a just original?
In scenes of power, and pomp and place,
Where proud ambition's vot'ries bow,
Can there the mirror's shining face
Of life a true resemblance show?
No! 'tis not where Ambition's hand
Sweeps o'er the polish roughly worn;
Nor where keen pleasure's sighs demand
Her flattering images to form.
'Tis there where with reflection's aid,
And purified by pain,
Man contemplates his sickly bed;
The mirror then shines plain!

"He would have proceeded, but his feelings were unable to bear those reflections which he had already conjured up: he burst into a flood of tears, and reclined again on his pillow.

"As his fate approached, he told the friend to whom he had alluded, that some friends had abandoned him; yet though he felt this defection with the keenest regret, an expression of resentment, no emotion of anger, nor even look of unkindness, sullied the purity of his dying sentiments; but in forgiving his enemies, and in offering up his prayers to the Almighty for his kindred, his friends, his country, and all mankind, with entire resignation, and the most perfect calmness, he breathed his last! Thus ended the life of this great and extraordinary man, at once remarkable for the most brilliant talents and the most exalted virtues; for the misfortunes which obscured the one, and for the follies which surrounded the other."

THE RIVAL BARBERS.

TWO country barbers, one scarce three feet and a half high, the other upwards of six feet, who resided in Suffolk (England,) about twenty miles apart, and personally unknown to each other, considered themselves as rivals, and from some keen enmity of the little man, determined the tall man to shew his superiority by some means. He accordingly one day took occasion to go purposely to the little man's house to be shaved, and gave some particular reason, that in that operation he could never bear to sit down. The little man, not willing to lose the job, readily undertook, and finished the troublesome business, calling a pair of steps to his aid. After he was gone the little man fixed him his rival, and considering how he could repay in kind, went one day to the tall man's house, and desired him to shave him, adding that he could never bear to sit in a chair during the operation; in which situation the tall man was obliged by a customary etiquette of tonfonic professions to go through the very troublesome job; by which means the short man had full retaliation.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

HARK! still the savage sounds of War,
Float on the undulating gale,
And ev'ry gentle accent mar
That cheers the wood, or charms the vale.

Desolation still the blazing brand
O'er desolated districts waves,
While Rapine, with relentless hand,
From pillag'd towns rewards her slaves!

GERMANIA feels, from shore to shore,
The fatal fury of the storm;
ITALIA bleeds at every pore---
HELVETIA hides her mangled form

The Rhine inur'd to scenes of blood,
The Po in polish'd strains renown'd,
The Danube's deep, imperial flood,
In vain present a watery bound.

Onward the raging Ruin speeds,
And blasts the prospect ev'ry where---
Terror his frowning van precedes,
Unnumber'd mischiefs mark his rear.

Mild PEACE! to yonder barrens'd Plains
Thy balm, thy blessings now extend;
And bind the monster, War, in chains,
That Faction's strength can never rend.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1801.

On Tuesday last week, the Legislature of this State unanimously elected the Hon. JOHN ARMSTRONG, Esq. a Senator to represent this State in the Senate of the Congress of the United States; to take his seat the 4th of March next.

An attempt has lately been made to set fire to the town of Salem, (Mass.) by some incendiary---for the discovery of whom a reward of 300 dollars is offered by the Selectmen of the town.

The number of stores and houses destroyed by the late fire at Providence, (R. I.) is thirty seven, sixteen of which were dwelling houses, ten valuable stores, and eleven out-houses; several other small dwelling houses were pulled down, or blown up, to stop the progress of the flames. The town of Providence previous to this distressing calamity, had been remarkably preserved from fire.---The loss sustained is estimated at about three hundred thousand dollars.

The public Factory, at Springfield, (Mass.) has been consumed by fire, including 5000 dollars worth of musquetry, nearly completed.

OF THE FRENCH TREATY.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman of the first respectability in Baltimore, to his Correspondent in this city, dated February 1.

"It would appear, that, notwithstanding the rejection of the French Treaty, it will be ratified to-morrow, with the exception of the second and third articles, and limiting duration by an additional article."

Another letter from Baltimore, of the 2d inst. says an express arrived here a quarter of an hour before the closing of the mail, with the news of the ratification of the French Treaty."

We learn that the United States frigate President, Commanded by Truxton, arrived at St. Kitts on the 1st of Jan. on a cruise---all well.

A letter from a gentleman of the highest respectability at Thomas, mentions, that a Packet from Rochfort, in 36 days, had arrived at Gaudaloupe, with the official Convention between America and France, which was proclaimed at Rochfort on the day of its arrival. All the planters and inhabitants of Gaudaloupe are called on their property. L'Escaulier, known on all the windward Islands as a man of the strictest propriety, is appointed Prefect at Gaudaloupe. He was formerly employed on the Island of Grenada, as Intendant during the late war.

A gentleman who came passenger in the ship Delight, arrived here on Tuesday, from Hamburg, informs, that about ten days before they sailed, the King of Prussia

marched 15,000 troops into Cruxhaven, where they remained; and, serious apprehensions were entertained that they would take possession of Hamburg, in order however, to prevent this, the city of Hamburg had made an offer of 1,000,000 marks. When our informant left Hamburg an answer had not been given to this offer.

Capt. Chase, arrived on Tuesday, informs, that Touissant had marched against the Spanish part of Hispaniola, with 12,000 troops, where the disaffected blacks lately commanded by Rigaud, had taken refuge; and who had several times committed depredations on the property of the peaceably disposed inhabitants.

SAVANNAH, Jan. 16.

On Sunday evening last, about seven o'clock, a fire broke out at Augusta, in the boarding house of Mrs. Barden, supposed from carelessness of servants, which it entirely consumed, together with the stores of Mr. Charles Carter, Mr. John Carmichael, Mr. Francis Metcalf, Mr. Osamus Allen, and two stores and a dwelling house of Mr. John Fox. The loss sustained by the unfortunate sufferers is said to be very considerable, but in the present confusion no possible calculation can be made.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 31.

Yesterday arrived, and fired a salute, the ship Eclipse, Capt. Jones, from Calcutta. Sailed from the Sand Heads, in co. with the Ship Rebecca, Pitt, of and for Baltimore, and brig Lydia, (late Russell,) of and for N. York. On the 12 Oct. off the Sand Heads, spoke the Nonfuch, British frigate, capt. Canning, who informed, that the hon. company's ship Kent, had been taken on the 7th Oct. by the French corvette La Confiance, capt. Sirocuff, of 20 guns and 220 men, after an action of two hours, in which the captain and 11 men were killed, and 44 wounded, and that the privateer at length succeeded by boarding; that the prisoners stated the privateer had captured seven sail from Bengal, and an American Indian bound in, name unknown and that he (Captain Canning) was cruising for the privateer. On the 15th October again spoke the Nonfuch. Capt. C. stated that the day before he boarded a vessel from Puli-Penag, and was informed that Batavia surrendered on the twelfth September, to five British frigates, a 50 gun ship, and the 12th regiment of foot. On the 23d of Oct. the frigate Nonfuch in company, discovered a sail in sight, gave chase---continued it the next day, and discovered the chase to be an enemy---two British frigates more in sight, the chase was continued, and the frigate gained upon the privateer---proved to be the Confiance, and was hailed by the Nonfuch, and informed that Capt. Sirocuff had thrown all his guns overboard. Capt. Jones, of the Eclipse now parted from the frigates, but supposes the privateer to have been captured. The Rebecca and Lydia were parted with, the 12th Oct. off the Sand Heads. Dec. ed, the Eclipse towed into Table Bay, the brig Lapwing, Clap, of and for N. York, which vessel had been a shore on Robin's Island.

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Dr. ANDERSON'S
Famous Scots Pills.

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Consisting of
HISTORY, DIVINITY, MISCELLANY,
BIOGRAPHY, NOVELS, &c.

BY order of his Honor Richard Varick, Esq. Mayor of the city of New-York, notice is hereby given, to all the Creditors of Charles Gobert, of the said city, Merchant, Insolvent Debtor, to shew cause if any they have, at the Court of Common Pleas called the Mayor's Court, to be held at the City Hall of the city of New-York, before the Judges of the same Court, on Tuesday the seventeenth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, why an assignment of the said Charles Gobert's estate should not be made, and he discharged, according to the act for giving relief in cases of insolvency. Dated the thirty first day of January, 1801.

CHARLES GOBERT, Insolvent.

Peter Kemble, (surviving partner of Gouverneur and Kemble) one of the petitioning creditors.

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL, holy flame! Divine effulgence, hail!
Pure as the virgin blush of breezy morn!
Mild as the fanning of the vernal gale,
Sweet as the dew drop on the mountain thorn.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Kunze, Mr. PETER CARLOCK, to Miss ABIGAIL PALMER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 29th ult. Mr. DANIEL RICKER, of this city, to Miss HANNAH HOPWOOD of Boston.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN LOSKY, to Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL, both of this city.

Same evening at Mount Pleasant N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Fountain; Capt. WILLIAM VANPEL to Miss ELIZABETH SMITH, both of that place.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, JOHN BROWER, Esq. to Mrs. DEBORAH MYER, both of this city.

Lines "TO PATIENCE," "STREPHON," &c. in our next. We doubt the authenticity of the signature affixed to the Elegy, handed in on Thursday.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, Shakespeare's celebrated Tragedy of

Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo, (his 2d appearance,) Mr White.
In act I.

A Masquerade scene, and Dance conducted by M. Laurence.

In act V. A Grand Funeral procession of Juliet, to the Monument of the Capulets, with a Solemn Dirge.

To which will be added, the admired Comic Opera of Robin Hood, or Sherwood Forest.

UNITED STATES COUNTRY DANCES,

FOR SALE, At No. 80 Broad-Way, and at John Harrison's Book-Store, No 3 Peck-Slip.

LOTTERY.

TICKETS SOLD, REGISTERED and EXAMINED
at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED.

And for sale by John Tiebout, No. 246 Water Street, (ornamented with an elegant frontispiece, price 3s.) the history of CONSTANTIUS and PULCHERIA, or constancy rewarded.

The above is founded on facts which originated in Philadelphia at the commencement of the late Revolution.

TO THE LADIES.

In DOCT. TURNER you have an honorable protecting friend, on whom you may rely, in all cases whatever, especially in the art of Obstetrics.

The denounced sufferings of your amiable sex, are greatly mitigated and made easy by his peculiar mode of attention and management, his long experience, &c. &c.

He remains at Capt Seth Harding's in Water Street, near Fly Market, No 147, where he holds himself in readiness to wait on all occasions of the science of Physic and Surgery. He wishes to visit the most miserable and distressed.

Feb. 7

641 15.

Hutchins Improved Almanacs

For the year 1801,

by the thousand, groce, dozen, &c. sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

FOR SALE, a Negro Girl, 16 years of age---Enquire at No 155 Water-Street. Feb. 7:

Mahogany.

St. Domingo MAHOGANY, for sale in Boards, Plank and Joice, by THOMAS TIMPSON,

Nov. 15.

No. 25 John-Street.

A WOMAN, with a good breast of milk, wishes a place as Wet Nurse---Enquire of the Printer. Feb. 7.

COURT of APOLLO.

THE MATCH-BOY.

YE wealthy and proud, as in splendor ye roll,
Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry, and wan:
And learn, tho' now doom'd to misfortune's control,
He springs, like yourselves, from the fountain of man.
So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,
Dejected he roams, in a sad ragged plight;
Then, oh! give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.

Remember, though luxury cloy, you by day,
And pampers you nightly on pillows of down,
Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,
Obscuring your pleasures with poverty's frown:
While apathy's flint and cold steel you employ,
The tinder of feeling you never can light,
Nor e'er give a smile to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.

And you, ye proud fair of Columbia's blest land,
With beauty external so gifted by fate;
Whose smiles can enrapture, whose frowns can command,
Prove also your mental endowments are great.
The crumbs of your table, which others destroy,
Might comfort our orphan, and yield him delight:
Then, oh! give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.

SONG.

STILL, still this ardent bosom glows
With hopeless love's consuming fires,
My watchful eyes no slumbers close,
And life in secret pangs expires,
As one vast furnace burns my breast,
Pure as the bright but distant fair,
Whose sacred image deep impress
Kindles the eternal tumult there.
In the dark grave's oblivious womb
I'll headlong plunge, and lose my care;
Ope wide thy jaws, thou friendly tomb!
And shield a lover from despair.
But hence, ye gloomy doubts away!
'Tis STELLA meets my longing eyes;
Her radiant looks restore the day,
Her smile transports to Paradise.

ANECDOTE.

IT is well known that the celebrated monarch, Charles, the Fifth, who, from the extensiveness of his dominions and the rapidity of his conquests, projected nothing less than an universal monarchy, at last grew sick, not only of his vain pursuit, but relinquished his crown, and with it all earthly grandeur, to retire to the monastery of St. Just, where he ended his days in the most exemplary line of mortification. The day when he went in his turn to wake the novices, at the hour of matins; one of them, who did not choose to be so early disturbed out of a sound sleep, pretended not to hear him. The devotion of Charles, however, would take no excuse: he continued shaking him, till the novice found it was impossible to feign any longer: then bounding out of his bed, he exclaimed, What the devil! have you not troubled the repose of the world long enough already, without coming here to disturb that of a peaceable man who has forsaken it?

FOR SALE,

THAT valuable LOT OF GROUND, corner of Harman and East Rutgers-street, near the new Presbyterian Church. The Lot is 90 feet in length on Harman-street, and 27 feet in breadth on Rutgers-street, with the privilege of a gang-way of 10 feet, in the rear, in Harman-street. There is a pump of excellent water within a few feet of the premises. Also, two Lots of Ground at the head of Second-street, 25 feet in front and rear, and 37 1-2 feet deep, bounded by the ground of Alexander M'Grigor. For particulars enquire at No 50 Broad-street. Jan. 31 1f

TO SCHOOL-MASTERS.

FURNITURE for a School-Room, for sale:---enquire of the printer. Jan. 24.

MORALIST.

THINGS around us are often delusive and not to be depended on. But if we place our happiness in the approbation of our conscience, we shall not be deceived. An honest, self-approving heart, fortified by Religion, is proof against the attacks of external misfortunes. When hard beats the storm of adversity, and affliction's black wing is expanded, the soul then retires into its own castle, shelters itself in its integrity, religiously hoping in Heaven for assistance, and serenely smiles at the buffetings of the tempest.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

Price 12 1-2 Cents,

THE PARLOUR COMPANION,

Containing the GAME OF DRAUGHTS, in Twelve Select Games, with some critical situations to win games, with the table annexed. To which is added, THE GAME OF WHIST, abridged from Hoyle.

DOMESTIC INFORMATION

Of the greatest importance to Families and Individuals.
Sold at No 137 Front-Street, at No 94 Chatham-street, and at the Printing-Office, No. 320 Pearl-street, New-York. February 7. 41

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX, The Genuine French Almond Paffe,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.
Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Tooth Powder, Rose Lip Salve, Almond Powder, Four Thieves Vinegar, Peruvian Tooth-ach Powder, elegant Fancy Combs for ladies head-dresses, Oils of Jessamin and Violets warranted to make hair grow and prevent its falling, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for ladies and gentleman complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. &c.
January 17, 38 3m.

Tablettes de Mlle. Martin, a l'usage de Dames.

TO THE LADIES.

MISS MARTIN'S ROUGE TABLETS for improving nature, by giving a beautiful and vivid bloom to the complexion, so natural as to deceive the nicest observer;---the preparation is wholly vegetable, and warranted to be innocent to the most delicate skin.

Sold only by R. Bach, No 128 Pearl-street, New-York.

ALSO--- Gowland's celebrated Lotion, for pimples, eruptions, &c. in half pints, pints, and quart bottles, warranted genuine. Jan. 3, 1801. 36 6t

WHEREAS James Leggett, formerly of the county of Dutchess, late of the city and county of New-York, deceased, did, while living, by his last will and testament, appoint Martha Worden, Executrix, to settle the estate of the said James Leggett, now deceased; and the said Martha Worden being duly authorized, does hereby request all persons who have any demands against said estate, to exhibit them for settlement, at No. 112 Washington-street,---and on the other hand, all those who are any ways indebted to said estate, are hereby called upon to make immediate payment.
MARTHA WORDEN, Executrix.
New-York, Nov. 29, 1800. 31---1f

School Books.

For sale at John Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-slip,

BIBLES and Testaments, Entick's Dictionary, Scott's Lessons on Elocution, Orator's Assistant, American Preceptor, Monitors, Art of Speaking, Columbian Orator, American Selections, Enfield's Speaker, Webster's and Dilworth's Spelling Books, Child's Instructor, Universal Spelling Book, Pike's, Fenning's, Fisher's and Dilworth's Arithmetics, Webster's and Ash's Grammars, Boyer's French Grammar, etc.

MR. DUFORT.

PRESENTS his respectful compliments to the ladies and gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his BALL is fixed for next TUESDAY EVENING, the 10th inst. at Lovett's Hotel, No. 68 Broad-Way, when a CADRIEL will be performed by 13 of Mr. Duport's Scholars. Tickets at one Dollar each, to be had of Mr. Lovett any time previous to the evening for which the Ball is fixed, as all tickets sold at the door will be one Dollar and fifty Cents. The BALL for the children will be opened at 6, and for the Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock.

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE FAMILY OF OR- TENBERG.

Translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue.
TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

TRAVELS

In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797---
By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

PICKED UP ADRIFT,

ON the 19th of November last, between the Old Slip and Governor's Island, a SHIP's YAWL, no paint on her bottom, and entirely plain; between 16 and 18 feet keel. Whoever owns said boat, may have her again by paying charges, on applying to EBER MEAD, in Henry-street, above Charlotte-street. Feb. 7. 41 3t

GEORGE G. BUFFET,

No. 67 Stone-street, New-York,

Offers the Ladies, Gentlemen and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash:

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marechalle, do. Violet, do. Bergamot, do. Plain.

BROWN POWDER.

Marechalle, Dutchess, Bergamot, Orris do, Violet do.

POMATUMS.

Marechalle, Dutchess, Vanille, Elliotrope, Millefleur, Bergamot, Citron, Lavender, Bear's Grease.

SCENTS.

Musk, Bergamot, Citron, Lavender, Thyme, Rosemary.

SCENTED WATERS.

Cologne, Hungary, Lavender, Honey-water, Millefleur, Carmy, Bergamot, Arquebuse, for swellings, bruises, contusions, cuts, scars, &c. Orange flower, Rose, N. jau, Red Lavender.

Spirits of Cochlearie, Eff. Antiscorbutic, for the gums, Syrup Pectoral, for cold, cough and consumption, The genuine Balsam of Life, which will expel all pains in the head and stomach, Pectoral Lozenges, Peppermint do.

SHAVING SOAPS.

Best Naples, Shaving Powder, Eff. of Soap, Windsor, Italian Squares.

Superfine Pearl Powder, Superfine Rouge, Lip Salve, Silk puffs, Swandown puffs, Combs of all kinds, Comb brushes, Tooth brushes, Tooth powder, at do. Writing paper, wax, wafers, ink-powder, Blacking balls, Toupee iron, Shaving boxes and brushes. A variety of other articles.

Also HAIR POWDER by the barrel, box, or doz. low for cash.

6 by 8, BULLS EYES GLASS.

For sale by T. & G. Welsh, No 352 Water-street, January 3. 36 6t

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for sale by J. Harrison, no 3 Peck-Slip.

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JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]